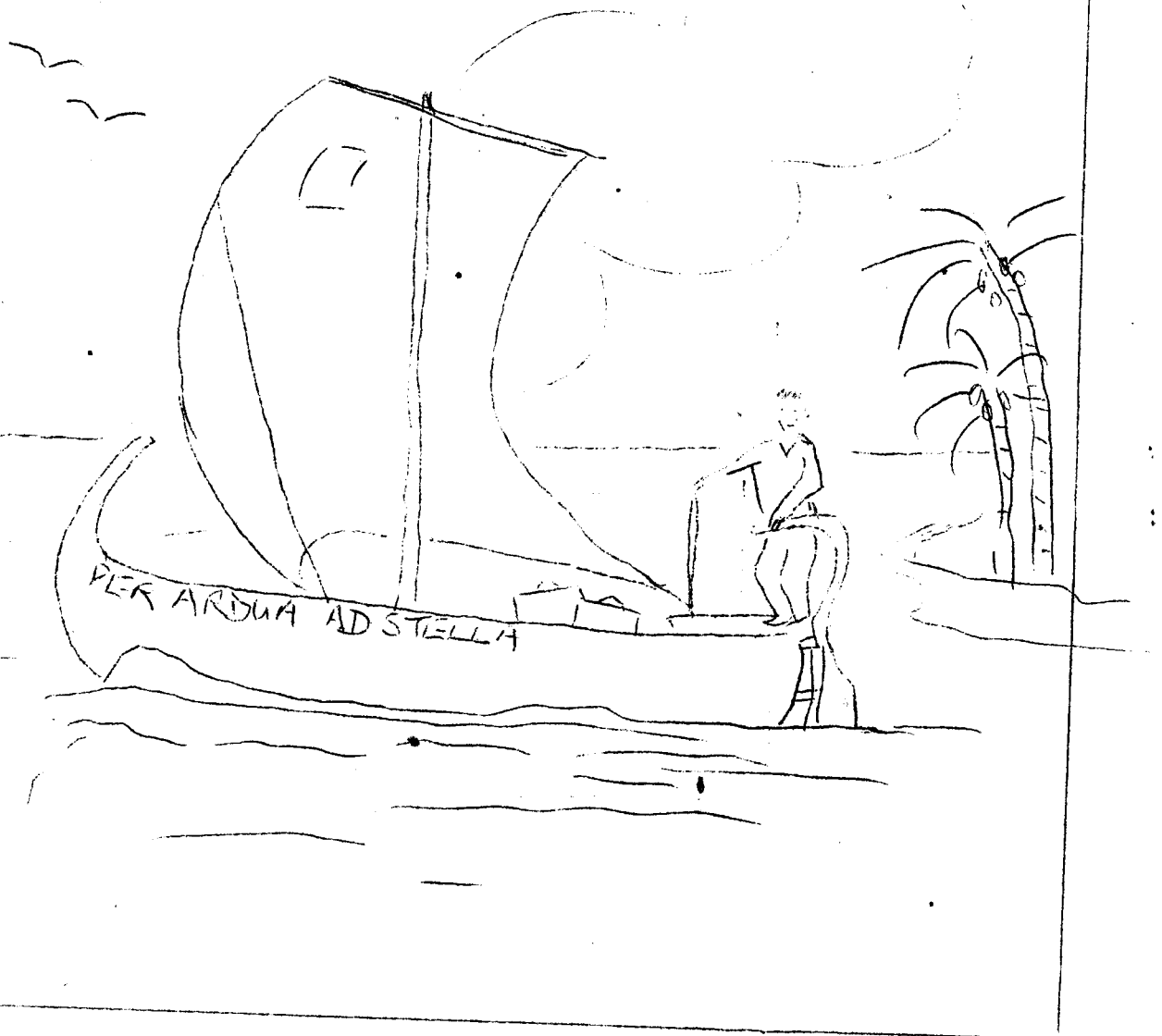


# Gan Island Post



You must be joking - you didn't seriously imagine  
you'd get me on one of those new-fangled flying  
machines, did you?

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Have You Heard???

That Arnold Palmer has just the same fault as Bill?!

Notices

Chess

The chess Club meets every Tuesday at the RAFA Club, transport leaving Transit at 1930 hours. I've been going these past three weeks and am used to being beaten with soggy pawns. Chess is a great way to spend the time, and there's more than one way to play - the ten second move competition the other week had even the best players hystorical Why not come along to play or to learn?

Latitude Zero Lodge, RAOB, welcomes visiting members to its meetings on Fridays at 1945, transport leaving the Transit Hotel at 1930.

RAFA Club welcomes every one to bread, cheese and pickles washed down by long, cool drinks on Sundays at lunch-time.

On Monday of this week, a deficiency of nearly nine pounds was discovered at the end of the BFPO's working day. Following a tannoy announcement, all the missing money was recovered on Tuesday, several customers having realised that, on this unusually busy day in the post office, they had not been charged for purchases made. In expressing gratitude to all concerned, the BFPO suggests that this helpful spirit is typical of Gan.

180 Club Christmas Barbeque and Sing Song

The 180 Club is to hold a Christmas Barbeque on Saturday 13th December starting at 2000 hrs. The Officers Mess, Civilian Mess, Sgts Mess, Cpls Club and Imps Club are invited to come along and help swell the numbers for the Sing Song. Individual performes will be rewarded with beer.

POEMS (not by Henry Gibson)

THE TURTLE

The turtle lives "twixt plated locks  
Which ~~practigully~~practigully conceal its sex.  
I think it clever if the turtle  
In such a fix to be so fertile.

( O. WASH )

FOOTNOTE TO TERNYSON

I feel it when the game is done,  
I feel it when I suffer most  
'Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than ever to have loved and won.

( G BULLET )

I shot an arrow into the air:  
I don't know how it fell, or where  
But strangely enough, at my journey's end  
I found it again in the neck of a friend.

( Wyndham Lewis )

## WHAT I THINK

As this is my first Editorial, my first duty is to pay tribute to the retiring editor, and I do this not as a penance, nor as a formality, but as way of thanks on behalf of all of you to someone who has kept GIP going through thick and (often) thin for a very long time. Only he knows the exact number of issues he has so cheerfully produced, without fuss and without temperament. Only he can tell you how many afternoons he has laboured to bring out GIP each week. And knowing Mal Willey after only a short acquaintance, I know he will say nothing. My personal thanks to him for guiding me through the first crises. Your thanks to him for keeping you entertained these past months.

Another well-known figure totters shortly away. Sqn Ldr Tony Redfern leaves shortly for Scotland because it's quieter than ~~Gen.~~

Known as 'the Admiral' because he's the most highly qualified man in the Marine Branch - an Extra Master, no less, he has had a career at sea in Dp tankers ( he still pilots them to the jetty when they call here) and a successful (and continuing) career in the Royal Air Force.

He has done a great deal for the golf club whose members appreciate the healthy financial position the club is now in. His term as PMC of the Officers Mess was a productive and happy one. And of course there was the Gen revue which he compiled and directed. A very busy and popular man who will be missed by many on the station, as well as at MCS.

New Editors always welcome contributions, the more the better. There's nothing more discouraging than having to sit down and write the whole thing oneself, only to be told by some kind soul that 'This week's issue isn't up to much.' A good deal depends on what you the readers want. A laugh, certainly something informative about the island? One would think so. For instance, I was told this morning by Sergeant Cox of Hygiene, who is a mine of information on shells and such, that the low tide on or about December 17th is the only one of the year which leaves the reef exposed, so that one can walk out and shell to ones hearts content. And those of you who know what not to tread on or what's the best method of cleaning out shells, or about keeping lizards, or the habits of the crabs, ought to tell the rest of us. There's enough wild life on and around this island to keep a naturalist happy for years.

Cartoons and jokes are always welcome, providing they are not obscene. Personally I quickly tire of innuendo and find filth boring. I enjoy wit. So the criterion for publishing is: does it make the editor laugh, and does he think it will make you laugh? If I go wrong, and you think you're getting a load of stodge, tell me. Only you, the reader, can determine what GIP is. (Someone has already said he hopes it won't become 'educational' - rather like asking the Padre not to pray during the service.)

All I can promise is that it won't be boring, nor will you be treated to a quick course on unrelated participles, but excuse me if I forget myself and slip in the occasional gerund. It's an occupational hazard, rather like my typing, which will improve with practice.

WE WANT YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS, CARTOONS, LETTERS AND IDEAS NOW.

## INGENUOUS?

I heard recently of a newly arrived, somewhat unworldly Section Commander who was greeted by a distraught SNCO. 'Sir, Sir,' said the distraught NCO, 'Terrible news. We have two cases of syphilis in from Singapore.' 'Oh, that's good,' said the preoccupied Officer. 'They'll make a nice change from the Beaujolais.'

## THOUGHT OF CHAIRMAN MO

Be charitable; none of us is perfect. I myself am peculiarly susceptible to draughts.

(Apologies to O.W.)

Look At It This Way...

Nowadays, it is only in out-of-the-way places like Gan that simple, safe means of transport like the bicycle survive. Simple? Safe? I don't want to worry you, but have you looked at one of the things thoughtfully and analytically?

There you are, perched in mid-air like a sparrow on a drain pipe, on a contraption that looks like the outcome of a clandestine affair between a Victorian bedstead and a windmill. Your only contact with Mother Earth is two narrow strips of rubber, and only four inches of these touch the ground at any one time. The rubber is held in place on two wheels by nothing more solid than a brace of doughnut-shaped hunks of air, mere rings of wind, about as substantial as a rabbit's chastity. And the wheels are not constructed to inspire confidence either. The only thing that keeps the circumference out of the middle is a collection of wires that looks like a harp strung by a cross-eyed piano-tuner with ten thumbs.

One of these fragile wheels is fixed in a fairly rigid clamp, and might therefore be presumed to be safe, but the other doesn't bear thinking about! It wobbles freely to and fro, at the slightest provocation, and is even attached to a stem mounted in ball-bearings, so that it can get out of alignment the more easily. You hadn't noticed? Well, next time you are belting back to the bar for opening time, try moving the front wheel rapidly from side to side. You'll be surprised how easily it does so, and you will receive at the same time a salutary demonstration of how unstable the whole contrivance really is.

Having picked yourself up, consider now the bit you had been sitting on. It is laughingly referred to as the saddle; but a saddle is half a square yard of leather on the broad back of a horse. If you slip off a real saddle, no great harm is done. There is plenty of horse around it on which to land. Now look at the instrument of torture you have been risking your masculinity on. Slip off that - and it is held in place by one bolt only - and there is nothing to stop the violent contact of your cherished members with an unyielding steel tube. Agonising thought, isn't it?

The means of propulsion is as dubious as the rest. There you go, perched on your dangerous heap of ironmongery, with your legs going round a ridiculous circle, like one of those pull-along toy dogs your one-year-old daughter likes so much. And with an offensive weapon circulating between your ankles. People have got three months in stir for no other crime than having on their person a bicycle chain. But there you are, free as air, with a yard and a half of the thing openly displayed. Taking a chance with the law, aren't you?

People have tried to convince me that it's all quite safe, that it works on a sort of gyroscopic principle, and as long as you keep going you are all right, but I know better. Gyroscopes are used in all those clever inertial navigation systems, aren't they? And their virtue is that, no matter where an aircraft points its nose, the gyro stays pointing in the direction in which it started. So what happens when you turn a corner on a bike?

Me? I've shaken my own confidence so much I'll have to turn mine in. But don't form a queue yet; I've just had another thought. You can tread on some funny things in these parts. Bikes don't get hookworm - I think.

Cato

---

"Doctor, my husband has gone off and left me with seven children. It's quite clear to me now that he's never really loved me."

"My dear woman, just think of the situation you might be in if he had."

NEXT WEEK AT THE ASTRA?

~~With so many old and weird films coming our way these days, one wonders what AKC could really do if they put their minds to it.....~~

SUNDAY

THE ONE YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR ! !

OLIVER (twist 1931)

With full glorious sound. Projected by electricity.

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MONDAY

Jeanette Macdonald; Nelson Eddy in

THE SINGING GHOUL in puce

AND

Mining Review for 1950

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TUESDAY

Boris Karloff; Bela Lugosi  
in

HOW TO DE-WAX EARHOLES (x) colour

and

Kedji Hawakawaya; Sumi Karmasutra  
in

the spectacular

PRONG - SON OF PLUG (in Japanese with Dutch sub-titles)

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WEDNESDAY

THRILL PACKED WESTERN. NEVER BEFORE IN THE MALDIVES

THE COVERED WAGGON (1919)

accompanied by W.O. Edwards on his organ

AND

RIN TIN TIN stars in the horrific

"LUST OF THE MAD NUN-CREATURE'S SON-IN-LAW (u)

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THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY BY POPULAR REQUEST THE EVER POPULAR

THE BIG PARADE

(AOC's Catterick, 1946)

this week's flavour of the month - bile

DEAR GODFREY

Firstly, a word of comfort to the Adjutant on your bleak little isle. I'm sorry that I can't send you a replacement full-length nude portrait of George Brown. And it seems doubtful that your Station Commander has stolen the one you had: wild accusations can only land you in difficulties. However, I am sending you a recent publication of mine entitled "Explore Uranus" which may prove stimulating. The new Doctor wrote to ask me for a copy of "Do it yourself Surgery."

I'm afraid this publication went out of print at about the time of the disappearance of Jack the Ripper. However, the recently published 'Guts in the Bucket' by a Dr Snoddie should be an acceptable substitute, as well as a cherished Christmas gift.

And what news from our village? Owing to the outbreak of pig worrying, the Vicar has had to be put down. Such a loss he will be to the community, and to his rosy cheeked little choristers of whom he was so fond. His locum, Canon Fodder, apart from accidentally drowning the mother at his first christening, and incidentally learning not only that the font should be less full but also when to christen, has already made himself quite a name in our little community. His curses last Sunday had to be heard to be believed. Miss (Grant, who could never be accused of uncharity (her beard may have something to do with it) was quite overcome - her screams quite ruined the anthem - such a clever rendering of "Day of Wrath" - but she was brought round by gin from Lady's Crutchwithers hip flask topped up by a generous tot of holy water supplied by the verger. But the leaping over the grave stones went on as usual after the service, so good will prevailed. (Miss Naugfiddle will be re-interred on Wednesday at ten am sharp)

I have not been feeling myself lately - probably a result of the scabies I acquired during my last stay at Lion House, where reside our good natured Squire, Jehu Wendthorpe and his lady wife, Monstrance. They really love their animals - as do I, friend of all of hoof, horn and claw. But sharing a bed with a bullock of dubious habits and quite revolting breath may explain my present affliction. Not that I complain: the bullock was better looking and infinitely better behaved than Marilyn, the Squire's only daughter, a female of quite revolting aspect, whose advances to me under the table during the entree caused me nervously to regurgitate my fish. Such a pity she is so coarse; one presumes she learns it all at the comprehensive. Things will be better under dear Mr Heath.

I was fortunate enough last week to dine with Mr Enoch Polem, our Member (if I may use such an imbecilic term) of Parliament. Such a misunderstood man. His plans for fertilizing the fields with manure seem to me good sense. Newcomers should put down their coats and become an integral part of our soil. Far better than living a life of idleness on free orange juice and reconstituted carrot powder as they do now. But progressives have always been misunderstood. The poor man has frequently had to flag his faithful Indian (Sioux is his name) for refusing to work after midnight. What does the idle fellow expect to do! Sleep? Such people are so ungrateful after all we have done for them. I was so annoyed I refused to buy Oxford Christmas cards and shall send my donation this year to a really worthy cause: The Distressed Conservative Gentlefolks association c/o The Albany, WI

There is much good to be said of our Socialist M.P. Fred Spit. Alas, I cannot bring myself to say so after his wild threats to 'Remove my vital parts when the revolution comes.' His elevation to the peerage, soon to take place, will be a relief to us all, though that the House of Lords will think of his rabid ravings who can tell. His singing of "The Red Flag" with appropriate gestures may well enliven many a debate on the new prayer book.

Which brings me tentatively back to Canon Fodder. As next week is dedicated to Christian action, the worthy prayer for unity is worth quoting, as it comes up so much of the parts,

'Oh Lord, smite the heretic and afflict him in private places, that he may write in the torments of the damned, his flesh caressed by everlasting fire. His eyeballs pop in the heat of thy wrath, his lying tongue be torn out by the roots that unity and concord may prevail in spite of the bishop and his crowd of sycophantic toadies. The worthy Canon represents all that is best in our long established church. Until next week. Love, Godfrey.'



